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Poetry (American)

1890

1891



3/25/20
OP

The
Heart of the World

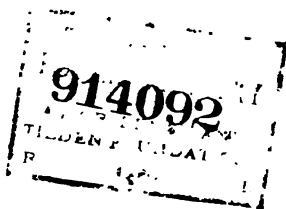
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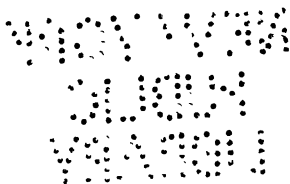
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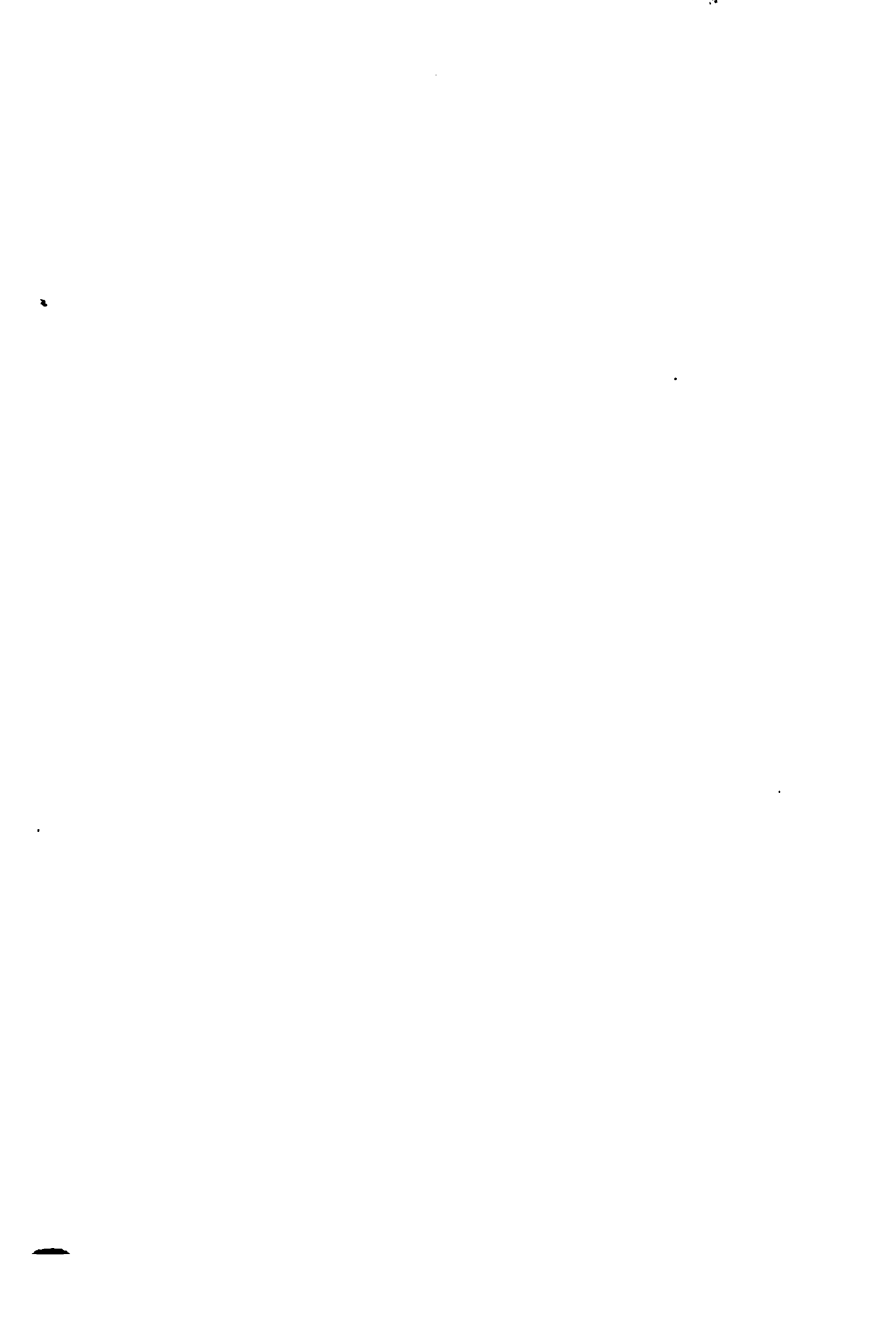
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The Heart of the World*

In the heart of the world is the call for peace.
Up-surgings symphonic roar.
'Tis ill of all clashings; it seeks release
From fetters of greed and gore.
The winds of the battlefields echo the sigh
Of hero souls slumbering deep;
Who gave all they had and now dreamlessly lie
Where the bayonets sent them to sleep.

*Peace for the wealthy; peace for the poor;
Peace on the hillside and peace o'er the moor.*

In the heart of the world is the call for right;
For fingers to bind up the wound,
Slashed deep by the ruthless harsh hand of might
When Justice is crushed to the ground.
'Tis ill of the fevers of fear of the strong —
Of jealousies — prejudice — pride —
Is there no ideal that's proof against wrong?
Man asks of the man at his side.

*Right for the lowly; right for the great.
Right all to pilot to happiness' gate.*

*Inspired by the speech of President Woodrow Wilson at Boston on his return from the first sittings of the peace conference in 1919.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

In the heart of the world is the call for love.
White heart — Red — Yellow — and Black.
Each face turns to Bethlehem's bright star above,
Tho' wolves of self howl at each back.
The whole earth is lifting its voice in a prayer
That nations may learn to endure,
Without killing and maiming, but doing what's fair
With a soul that is noble and pure.

*Love in weak peoples; love in the strong.
Love that will banish all hatred and wrong.*

In the heart of the world is the call of God.
East — West — and North — and South.
Stirring, deep-yearning, breast-heaving call for God
A-tremble behind each mouth.
The heart's ill of torments that rend men's souls.
Skyward lift all faiths in hope.
Across all the oceans the evidence rolls
Refreshing all life's arid slopes.

*God in the highborn; God in the low.
God calls us, world-brothers. Hark ye! and know.*

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Where the Elloree Flows — *An Etching*

Tonight as floods of tender childish dreamings

Take me to scenes that e'er will pleasant be.

My thoughts review the make-believes and seemings —

Life's golden trinkets now they are to me.

Amid the cotton fields, through woodlands roaming,

Where tendrils of the jasmine trail and grow;

Where all the world to me was sweetly gloaming,

And where the Elloree doth silent seaward flow.

The pine-top's green, with sunset's carmine blending

In color known to Nature's hand alone;

Gave charm to twilight and its dusky ending,

E'en where a star in gilded splendor shone.

The mocking-bird sang out its sweetest measures

And bade goodnight to all the world about;

Leaving a lone night-worshipper, as treasures,

The echoes, dying slowly, softly, gently out.

Again I hear the whippoorwill a-calling

Unto its mate from 'neath the perfumed vine,

Just as the sable dews are warmly falling

And Twilight, slumber's lap bids to recline.

The echoes of that happy time are waking

Sending life's fairest moments back to me.

While once again my soul love's thirst is slaking

In that fond stream, the clear cool Elloree.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

The ripples murmur soft as if caressing,
While sweeping onward ever to the sea.
In sweetest cadences their voices blessing
A song that even now comes back to me.
My soul goes out tonight upon its travels,
A-drifting through the Universe, its sea.
Hoping life's mystery some day unravels
And brings its meaning clearly out to me.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

A Sweet Face

Eyes have a way of winking.
Lips have their tempting smile.
Mouth utters what mind's thinking
When heart can show its guile.

Eyes can tell much in flashing.
Lips curl in sneer or scorn.
Mouth can show teeth in clashing.
Sadness is heart's big thorn.

Eyes can be red from weeping.
Lips can speak grief or pain.
Mouth can be secrets keeping
While heart breaks love to gain.

When eyes and lips are living
In harmony complete,
With mouth and heart love giving
They shape a face that's sweet.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

The Parting

We stood beneath a moonbright sky;
Alone, we stood, my love and I;
A star peeped from its blue dark height
And twinkled out, "Goodnight, Goodnight."

Her head lay nestled on my breast;
Her softly sighing 'tokened rest.
A curl, with windblown, soft delight
Caressed my cheek, "Goodnight, Goodnight."

I know not how our eyes then met;
The mem'ry's closely treasured yet.
One pearly teardrop dimmed her sight
As lips framed heart's, "Goodnight, Goodnight."

And when on earth my cares are done,
With all my battles lost and won,
May Charon stay his craft a mite
While 'cross the Styx comes her, "Goodnight."

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

The Pine Tree

(From the German)

Oh sighing pine! Ah whisp'ring pine! How true
thy crest of green!

Not only while the summer blows
But too, in winter when it snows.

Oh blooming pine! Oh patient pine! How true
thy crest of green.

Ah, little maid, my little maid! How false doth
show thy heart.

You swore me true to my delight;
But now I'm poor thou art in flight.

Ah, little maid, yes, little maid! How false doth
show thy heart.

Thou Nightingale! Thou Nightingale! From her
too thou hast learned

Thou'rt with me while the summer lasts;
'Midst storms and snows thy flight is fast.

Thou Nightingale! Sweet Nightingale; From her
too thou hast learned.

Brook in the vale! Brook in the vale! Thy face
shows deceit

Thou gushest on when torrent flows;

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

A drought ere long thy spring will close.
Brook in the vale! Brook in the vale! Thy face
shows deceit.

Ah, sougning pine! Sad, sighing pine! Thou dost
alone prove true.

Not only green when summer blows,
But too, in winter's blighting snows.
Sweet blooming pine! Ah, patient pine! Thou dost
alone prove true.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

With You Away

Heart has ceased its pulsing, hope is all but gone.
Boundless is my grieving, surcease there is none.
Castles all have tumbled; sable sorrow's dust
Hides the soul's creations. Love has lost its trust.
Daylight misses sunshine; night its stars and moon.
Birds don't sing as sweetly; seems they're out of tune.
'Round the tomb of mem'ry withered rose leaves play
Heart O' Mine, I'm lonely since you went away.

Tongue has ceased cantation, fingers listless fall.
All I do is wait here for your tender call.
What's the worth of dreaming, when you dream alone?
Wildwind is there solace to a heart now stone?
Why was I so cruel to a life so sweet?
Angels keep close vigil till again we meet.
Flown has summer's gladness; life is dull and gray
Since, Dear Heart, you left me—since you went away.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

War — What's It About?

Clanking of armor and marching of feet,
Thund'rings and toilings on roadway and street;
Screeching of whistle — frantic, wild shout —
Yet, what's all this furor of mankind about?

Women are weeping and children still cling
To arms that along with feet tramping will swing.
Millions plunge into Hell's vortex — few out.
But what is this raging of mankind about?

Cannons are roaring and earth is ablaze.
Nations are grappling in frenzy and craze.
Brother seeks brother's blood (both brave and
stout.)
When both in cold death lie, well, what's it about?

Nations are starving their hell-guns to feed.
Soul-seared men bleeding — and killing their creed.
Go gaze on each battlefield — somebody's rout.
When killing has ended, say, what's it about?

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Over the Bridge of Dreams

Over the bridge 'mongst eery things
Where only our thoughts can go.
Into the land to which mem'ry clings
And Heart's choicest blossoms grow;
Gleefully sporting in phantasm's halls,
Pleading with hope's bright beams,
Shadow-born children, each beckons and calls,
Over the bridge of dreams.

Over the bridge 'twixt dark and dawn;
There Life's richest garden grows.
Tear-watered plants on Eternity's lawn
Bend low with each breeze as it blows.
Over the bridge the soul takes flight,
For solace when things go wrong;
Into Love's sunlight, out of sad night,
For solace, when things go wrong.

Over the bridge to magic land,
We hasten to Heart's retreat.
(Sometime these rovers of Romance land
And our Earthborn hopes shall meet.)
To treasure-land — Thule — the Hallowèd spot
We ever go, crossing the stream.
Seeking, achieving, — each one to his lot —
Over the bridge to dream.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Helen's Laugh

The laughter born in Helen's heart,
Is sunshine to the soul.
And when she dimples with a smile
Away all shadows roll.

The notes just ripple from her throat,
Like song from robin's breast,
When winds of summer sway the leaves
That hide her tree-top's nest.

When Helen laughs the heart holds still
With tender happiness.
Her eyes dance tantalizingly,
Her cheeks tempt to caress.

When Helen laugh's the world is rich,
And all about is fair.
'Tis then the angels seem to sing
Their lightest tinkling air.

When Helen weeps earth hides in gloom,
As cold as winter's blear,
Until she nestles in my arms
And I kiss back a tear.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

In Summer Twilight

Just a dash of lambent carmine
Shading into sky of gold;
Just a twitter of a song-bird
Ere the wings its head enfold;
Just a rustling sigh of parting
From the moon-kissed hill to breeze;
And a cheerful gentle, nodding
Adieu waving from the trees;
Just a friendly sunbeam's flutter
Wishing all a night's repose,
Ere the stars swing back the curtain
Bringing twilight's dewy close.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Goodbye, Mr. Gloom

Goodbye, Mister Gloom! So long, Boy!
You've lingered long enough.
You've tried to cloud the path to joy.
Your efforts are a bluff.
You never like a good bright day,
But skulk in darkened room.
You'd better heed me when I say,
So long, Mister Gloom.

You've pestered me for nigh a week
With your long face and groan.
I hate the mask through which you peek.
You do naught else but moan.
I'm going to live with Mister Gay
Who's always got a smile.
So, run along. You cannot stay.
Your ways are out of style.

This world's no place for such as you.
So best be on your way.
The blackest clouds hide skies of blue.
I quit you from today.
We've nothing here that isn't good.
I don't care what you say.
I'm warning you — and here's your hood.
Now goodbye. Fade away!

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Where the Whispering River Flows

Where the whispering river's flowing
 'Twixt two verdant mossy banks;
Where the glinty sunlight's glowing
 Thro' the shade trees' knightly ranks;
Where King Solitude is stalking
 Monarch; while the silence grows
(To the world in volumes talking)
 There the whisp'ring river flows.

Limpid whirlpools music bubble
 Swirling ever toward the sea
Singing, "Heart forget your trouble.
 None can always happy be."
Onward, ever onward rippling,
 Never ceasing stream it goes.
Where dance woodsprites, each a stripping,
 There the whisp'ring river flows.

Radiant raindrops rush or linger
 Making love to morning dew.
Where old Nereus rested finger
 Or 'mid moss his body threw.
Through vast leafy halls it rushes.
Into fields it wealth bestows
Ever, as away it gushes,
 Ever whisp'ring as it flows.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

"Men are doomed to work and battle.
Women love thro' tear and mourn.
Children fast outgrow their prattle
Rush to struggle and be torn.
I have seen some aeons flutter.
Suns have passed from night to morn,
Birds of passage, dust-made, splutter,
Storm-tossed, battered, sick and worn.
Earth is but a place, soul training
Anyone who's passed now knows.
I'm the link Aeternis chaining.
World to world my whisp'ring flows."

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Rewards

I tilled my garden in the spring.
Down midst the weeds I found,
A plant that gasped for air and light
In hard unbroken ground.

I watched it o'er with tender care,
Through heat till summer's close.
When of my work I'd most despair
Lo then; there bloomed a rose.

I tilled the garden of the soul.
Watched good deeds rooted start.
When seemed my work most vain and cold
There burst full bloom — a heart.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

'Tis Winter, Paul

'Tis winter, and the drear' sad earth
Lies glistered o'er with snow.
Through naked, weird-songed, swaying trees
Wild frost-chilled wind gusts blow.
Some days are fair, with sunsets gold,
When skies, though cold, still glow.
They promise warmth for flowers sweet
Asleep encouched below.

'Tis too, the winter of our lives.
Upon our heads is snow.
A few more storms and sleets, Friend Paul,
Upon us yet may blow.
They cannot chill the heat of heart.
While friendship's flame's aglow,
And warms the blossoms of our souls
What care we? Tush! for snow.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

My Clock

Tick-tock sings my 'clock. Tick-tock, tick-tock.
As it tells the hours away.
And its song's the same as it plays life's game
Through the night as through the day.
(Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.)
The throb but shows how thro' space each goes
While the world keeps pulse apace.
Up and on it pleads. Banish wrongs and greeds.
Birth to death 's a mad wild race.

Tick-tock, goes my clock. Tick-tock, tick-tock.
And it tells of changing friends.
Thus goes the world as 'tis ever whirled,
And the song? It never ends.
(Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.)
Why the haste it asks? Every day has tasks.
And each one's to be done.
Just plod along with a smile and song.
After night 'gain comes the sun.

Beat-beat, goes the heart. Beat-beat, beat-beat.
Reaper Time makes sure his toll.
Faith and love should march through triumphal arch
Ere hath ceased the muffled roll.
(Beat-beat, beat-beat, beat-beat, beat-beat.)

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

With the music tread. Never fear, never dread.
Every day's work frankly face,
With a song of hope; then we'll never mope,
And we'll win life's rugged race.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Poesy Land

I know of a land where the heart loves to dwell
Where no clouds ever sadden the soul;
Where the fountains of kindness eternally well,
Where love mists to beauty cajole.
A land where the wreckage of hopes never drift
From the crests of life's billowy sea,
Where friendships, in faith, find never a rift;
Where troths never broken shall be.

I know of a land where happiness whiles
A land full of sunshine and song.
A land, *sans* the darkness, aglow with the smiles,
Where the days are eternity long.
I know of a land full of truth and of right.
Where everything is as it seems.
Where tenderness tempers the arm of might —
A beautiful land of dreams.

Then come, and we'll stroll, through Elysium's fields
Where Morpheus's way is supreme.
Why bother with fame or the tithe that earth yields,
Where the symbols of trife ever gleam?
I'll weave you a garland of bright poppy leaves
Whose fragrance with blessings e'er teems.
I'll pilot where love nor the heart ever grieves
To the land of our innermost dreams.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

To Miss Nineteen On Her Birthday

Sweet Elsie, fair as day in June,
With heart as light and free
As tempered winds which kiss the dune,
Or sport with maple tree,
You've passed another milestone by,
And full of hope you face
The coming year with clear calm eye
And every winning grace.

I wonder if the future years
Will hold, in joy, for you,
The happiness, carefree of tears
Your nineteen's passed you through?
Youth counts impatiently its time
And always looks ahead.
'Tis only when we've passed our prime
We see the past that's dead.

Hope is for youth. But memory
Grows dearer as we age.
And things which you now lightly see
Will brighten life's late page.
So gather blooms of joy each day.
Let each year mean the more.
That when your pulse slows you can say,
"I've lived. What ask I more?"

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Friendship

Far out in life where skies are blue,
 Though dreary or sunshiny bright,
Friendship is dreaming ever of you
 And flashing to you its light.
Wishing you well as hours drift
 From sunrise to twilight's dew
Hoping the clouds that shroud you lift
 And show always skies are blue.

Out of the kingdom where friendships all grow
 Love incenses waft I to you;
Borne upon tend'rest of Zephyrs that blow
 And comradely thought petals strew.
Each is a soft touching whispery kiss
 Bidding the heart be gay,
Presaging sorrow's quick flight and much bliss
 As true friends go treading life's way.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Finis

(To a Clergyman Going Blind)

Daylight's ending; fetch the candle.
Death delay! I cannot go.
Whet your scythe a moment, and I'll
Help to lighten brother's woe,
Till I share my neighbor's sorrow
Just another hour or two.
When they smile, nor trouble borrow,
I'll have finished; I'll be through.

Night is growing; light the candle.
There is still much work to do.
Hearts need love. ('Tis life's great bandle)
Just as lilies need the dew.
One by one the stars are peeping
Through the limpid golden glow.
Hope and faith their vigil keeping.
Heaven's best pilots they, I know.

Let me love its warmth upsending
While the parting sun doth beam.
When 'tis gone my task is ending.
I'll have finished. Then I'll dream.
Then I'll lie me down to slumber
With no ling'ring look behind.
When I seek the spirit number
Bright the pathway I shall find.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

To Madrienne

(A Confession)

Had I aught that would commend me
To a spirit such as thine,
Madrienne, I'd count the blessing
Nature'd given near divine;
Laugh to scorn this world of ours;
Deem myself almost a god.
But alas, a weaker being
Mortal earth has never trod.

Passions sway me just as billows
Toss the wreckage on the sea.
Powerless, I drift, a plaything.
E'en Time's wavelets sport with me.
Form nor feature, voice nor culture;
Not a grace claim I a part.
Simply one weak, human mortal
With a something called a heart.

Not a thing to recommend me
Save this frail enfeebled part,
Known to science as a human,
Fleshen, pulsing bit, a heart.
Yes, a heart. But it doth echo
Every throb of human woe;

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

And can sense the blight of sorrow;
Bow with pain that others show.

Like the flowers that bloom in sweetness
All around seems bright and fair.
Like a weed, unnoted silent,
Breathe I only to the air.
Weakest clay that e'er existed.
Seem I, of life not a part.
Just what Nature's fancy made. A
Struggling tender bit of heart.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

When Night Comes On

When night comes on, and day
Forsakes us with his glory bright;
When I have ceased my daily tasks,
And sought my home for rest at night;
When Sun god draws his whip across the sky
And writes, "Goodnight," my burdens fall.
Before my fitful blaze I sit and dream
Such dreams as only lonely soul can know;
Of pleasures gone so long they seem
Lost — till Eternity can bring
Hearts face to face again. All this
When night comes on.

I fashion fancies fair,
And with them picture scenes
That give my soul delight, e'en tho'
They're formed alone from might-have-beens
And never can be true. Ah no!
When me the glowing embers bid
Seek strength which next day's combat will
Demand, I seek my couch and rid
My soul of all save God above.
When night comes on.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Easter Chimes

(After the War)

Easter chimes are ringing. Gladsome Easter chimes.
Telling forth the tidings — joy to many climes.
Christ the Lord is risen. Peace hath come again,
Love triumphant's master. Peace again doth reign.

Easter voices singing, glory to our King.
Let's all join the anthem, fervently we'll sing.
Life has newborn meaning seen from Calvary.
Christ forever liveth in man's soul set free.

Easter chimes are sounding. Happy Easter bells.
Hearts their prayers are lifting. Loud the murmur
swells.

Lord, let peace be with us; everlasting peace,
Banishing all hatreds — Lord, let battles cease.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

They've Lynched a Man in Dixie

They've lynched a man in Dixie.
Oh God, behold the crime.
And 'midst the mad mob's howling
How sweet the church bells chime.
They've lynched a man in Dixie.
You say this cannot be?
See where his lead-torn body
Mute hangs from yonder tree.

They've soiled the soul of Dixie.
They've steeped her heart in guilt.
Long ages will remember
This shame her people built.
Blind, bestial, brutal murder
To sate some selfish claim!
Is this the land of freedom?
For this doth Justice aim?

They've sent a soul to judgment.
God! yet they say they're good.
They strive to save the heathens
Yet thirst for human blood.
Must life be held so lightly
Which dares some right to claim?
Which asks Christ's human living;
Must they that body maim?

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Where is the heart of Christians
When brute force rules the band?
Is there no fairness in you
Oh, this my native land?
They've lynched a man in Dixie.
Dear God, look down and see
Where men feed lusts and hatreds
And shame fair Liberty.

Where is the dream of Justice
For which our souls we give?
If man beneath we trample
Because he seeks to live?
Look to the Cross, oh people,
Once raised on Calvary.
Bleed heart, for pain and sorrow
But brothers let us be.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

My Jewels

Three jewels have I in my crown.
Three gems beyond compare.
More precious they, tho' 'f less renown,
Than any rulers wear.

Each has a heart of purest gold
Inset with love so true,
That all are dazzled who behold
These gems of warm bright hue.

I keep them safe within my home
Lest robbers steal my joy.
And never from my heart they roam
My wife, my girl and boy.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Turn Out the Light*

Turn out the light. Now would I slumber,
I'm weary with the toil of day.
Let me forget my pains to number.
Turn out the light. Dreams come to play.

Turn out the light. The hours were dreary.
Clouds of despair long hid the sun.
I've battled hard and now I'm weary.
Turn out the light. My day is done.

I've done life's best gloom's ways to brighten
I've scattered cheer from heart to heart.
And where I could I've sought to righten
The wrongs of men ere day depart.

This morn 'twas bright with hope, — and cheery.
This noon gave courage — made me brave.
But as the sun sank I grew weary
Till now my soul for rest doth crave.

Turn out the light. I've done my duty
To friend and enemy as well.
I go to sleep where things of beauty
In glitt'ring chambers ever dwell.

*Written upon the death of the late former President Theodore Roosevelt whose last utterance was the request, "Turn out the light, please."

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Turn out the light. Now would I slumber.
To rest—to dream—soon go we all.
Let's hope we wake soul free of cumber.
Turn out the light. Dream comrades call.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Voyaging

Night in the sky above me.
Uncharted deep below.
Onward my craft goes sailing,
Whither I do not know.

Loud roar the waves about me.
And then their angry moan
Dies in the mirk beyond me.
Restless, they surge and groan.

Who knows the breakers' danger?
Who cares, Oh heaving sea?
Thou art my great adventure.
Fading yon shelt'ring lea.

Night — and the stars above me
Glint through the rifting clouds.
Pale moon lights up the shoalings
For many ships they're shrouds.

Life too 's a vast, vast ocean —
Uncharted restless sea.
O'er it my soul craft's sailing
On toward the distant lea.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Dreams are the bright stars shining
 Hope is the moon that guides
Right is the pilot holding
 Heart thro' the storms it rides.

Night in the sky above me.
 Uncharted deep below
Pulsing a sailor's longing
 For home port's beacon glow.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Goodbye Old Year

Goodbye Old Year. Here comes New.
You've done wonders; now you're through;
Adding wisdom to the ages,
Making history's best pages;
Rest and slumber with the sages.
Goodbye Old Year. Welcome New.

Goodbye Old Year. Welcome New.
Off with false hopes; on with true.
Nations raise a mighty chorus,
Rich intoning, grand, sonorous,
Blithe and gladsome, sad, dolorous;
Goodbye Old Year. Welcome New.
Off with false hopes. On with true.

Goodbye Old Year. Hail the New.
Goodbye hatreds. Wrongs adieu.
Down Life's lane, with high or lowly,
Weak, or strong, sin-cursed, or holy,
Time is reaping-trudging slowly.
Goodbye Old Year. Hail the New.
Goodbye hatreds. Wrongs adieu.

Goodbye Old Year. Come in New.
Stout hearts look for light, to you.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Rising hopes new scenes are staging;
Brotherhood our thoughts engaging.
Dreams of Peace hide battle raging.
Goodbye Old Year. Come in New.
Stout hearts fondly look to you.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Merry Christmas All

Bells are ringing, hearts are singing;
Love drives care away.
Hopes are lifting, pain is drifting.
This is Christmas day.
Smiles of gladness banish sadness.
O'er the earth the call
Echoes, rolling, chime-like tolling —
Merry Christmas all.

Off with sorrow till the morrow;
'Tis our day of joy.
Flee on trouble, cheer we'll double.
Nought let soul annoy.
Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Church and home and hall,
Send the tiding skyward riding.
Merry Christmas all.

Life is measured, life is treasured
By the love we give.
And it brightens, burdens lightens.
Christ again doth live.
Start the greeting; hours are fleeting
Soon the shadows fall.
Smile on meeting — smile repeating —
Merry Christmas all.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

To Louise

(A Song)

In the wonderful garden of life, Dear Louise,
There's a flower that's blooming for you,
And its fragrance is wafted on each gentle breeze
When the sun's making mist of the dew.
'Tis a tender young thing but 'twill happiness bring
If 'tis nurtured and faithfully reared.
'Twill shed its bright glow wherever you go
O'er all those to whom you're endeared.

Then touch the heart gently, my pretty Louise,
For the Flower of love ever grows.
Its perfume will bless like a tender caress
Till the twilight of life's at its close.

In the field of the world where there's work to be done
'Twill lighten the burdens you bear.
No victory's too great by it to be won
And 'twill lessen your heaviest care.
So bless the plant's blooming forever and aye
As 't grows by the path to the skies.
Though dull be the way or dark be the day
Where the heart is there happiness lies.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Then touch the heart lightly, my pretty Louise
While the flower of love ever grows.
Its perfume will bless like a tender caress
Till the twilight of life's at its close.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

October Chill

When the fields are sere and golden
 In the gray October chill.
When the leaves begin their turning
 Red and brown just o'er the hill.
Then my thoughts go backward roaming
 To the years of boyhood time;
To the old farm in the gloaming,
 To the fun of nutting time.

I can hear the dry leaves rustle,
 As we waded shoe-deep through,
To the thicket where the walnut
 And the chinquapin trees grew.
I can hear the squirrels chatter
 Angry as we halt their feast,
While we gather in the kernels
 From their prickly burrs released

How we toiled 'mid twilight's falling
 Toward our homes with ladened bags.
Happy, though our homespun trousers
 By our climbing turned to rags.
Home we'd hasten to the kitchen
 Where we would our stomachs fill
Of the good things mother'd saved us
 'Gainst October's twilight chill.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Then we'd count our long day's harvest.

Wealth in millions sure had we.

And we'd pack them for great feasting

When the snow clothed house and tree.

Soon would end our childish laughter;

All the house be calm and still.

We'd be tucked beneath the covers

From October's frost and chill.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Calling

Evening shadows falling, falling
O'er the meadow and the hill;
While the brooklet gently gurgles
Its complainings to the mill.

All the earth night dewes are bathing
While the shepherd blithely sings,
Home his trusting charges leading,
Back his yodles echo flings.

Down the vale the music's ringing.
Men and beasts rejoice to hear.
Happiness from soul is springing,
Tympanating on the ear.

And there answer bleat and mooing
From the cattle, while the air
Golden-tinged is filled with cooing
Goodnights, gentle pair to pair.

Life's great Shepherd too is calling
All the heart fold home to rest.
Calling — calling — calling — calling
Toil-worn broken hearts to rest.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Contentment

A cot at night;
Some work by day.
The will to fight
My griefs away.

A peaceful home
Where children run;
Blaze lighting gloam
When day-time's done.

Someone to love —
For whom to pray —
Help from above
Thro' night and day.

With lots of health;
A soul that sings;
A little wealth —
I'm king of kings.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Autumn

Winds are whisp'ring,
Music lisp'ring,
Summer's echoing refrain.
Leaves are dying,
Trees are sighing,
Hark the weird dolorous strain.

Frost is nipping,
Airs are zipping
Daylight hours becoming drear.
Songbirds going,
Shadows growing,
Speak the twilight of the year.

Life is changing,
Ever ranging,
Just as seasons come and go.
Spring trails winter,
Melts its glinter,
Guiding hope to summer's glow.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Gone West

(To the Heroes of the World War)

Gone West. They follow the sun.
Gone West. Their work is done.
The minotaur threat'ning us has been slain.
Ease has succeeded the tortures of pain.
The white winged Columba is cooing again.
Gone West. They follow the sun.
Gone West. Their work is done.

Gone West. Their struggles are o'er.
Gone West. To come no more.
At Verdun — in Flanders — at Luneville they lie.
All-lasting, emblazoned their names on the sky,
In glorious efforts that never will die.
Gone West. Their struggles are o'er.
Gone West. To come no more.

Gone West. Ahead of their night.
Gone West. For what they thought right.
God ne'er intended brute forces to rule.
Thus was it fixed in Gethsemane cool
By Him who made blessèd fair Siloam's pool.
Gone West. For what they thought right.
Gone West. Ahead of their night.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Gone West. But not gone in vain.
Gone West. Their death 's our gain.
Children for ages their mem'ries will bless,
And nations will breathe an eternal caress
For those who have given their all and no less.
Gone West. But never in vain.
Gone West. Their death 's our gain.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Winds

Each wind is best,
The poet sang.
Some winds are blest
Some have a tang.

Some winds are warm,
Some winds are cold.
With joy or harm
To young and old.

Some winds are soft.
Some winds are rough,
As o'er the croft
They sweep and buff.

No matter how
The breezes blow,
Hold straight the plow
And till life's row.

The wind that blows
The snow and rain;
That same wind shows
The sun again.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

So heart, be brave
Along the way.
Night winds may rave
But soon comes day.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Ice

The day is drab — drear clouds o'erhead.
'Neath snow and ice the earth seems dead.
Now comes a windrift in the gray;
A sunbeam warms the snow away.

The soul is dark with gloom—and drear.
'Neath cares the world seems drab — and blear.
Friendship's soft winds begin to play;
Love comes — brings warmth — and heart is gay.

Ice cannot stay where sunbeams fall.
Clouds blow away as windhorns call.
Gloom spirits flee and quick depart
When friendship warms to love the heart.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

The Universe

Count o'er the million leagues from here to yonder
star.

On then. On to the next count of a million more.
Sum up the myriad gleams that light the night;
Add too, the orbit where the cold bright moon doth
soar.

That done, return to earth and with thy mind outline
That huge expanse called space; and then out from
our Hearse

Of changing dust dream out the words — The
Universe.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Bubbles

Flimsy, filmy, froth-made globes
From my pipe I blow.
Rainbow — tinted elfin robes
Floating up they go.
Made of suds and short breath-puff;
Puff and suds — no more.
Struggling toward the sun — such stuff —
Bubbles — nothing more.

Flimsy globes of unshaped thought
From the mind depart.
Whirling spaceward, some, earth caught,
Never even start.
Hope, and wish, and dream in turn
Float off, blessed or cursed —
Float away till soon I learn —
Bubbles — which all burst.

Globes of good deeds, one by one,
From the heart are blown.
Float away, burst, duty done.
Just like bubbles flown.
More than bubbles they, howe'er,
For they leave behind,
Some of love — a smile — a tear —
Wounds of soul to bind.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Reflection

Whence have we come, this world and I,
Minutest details of a vast expanse?
Does source of self within us lie?
Hath unseen hand formed us by chance,
And yet the purpose hath withheld?
Thro' opalescent haze we grope
For truth. Yet mind has never spelled
The word that clears our misty hope.

Today we stand upon a mound
Of woes and doubts; of dreams and trys.
Hope's bubble swells, then falls aground.
Life's passing's naught but wants and whys.
Behind lie heaped slags of regret
Whose peaks are lost in ages dead.
Who is the power to pierce the net
Fine screened, that veils the dark ahead?

We dream — and think — then dream again.
Lo! while we're dreaming, puff! we're gone.
Our mortal ties are left — our pain —
Back to its dust-like self alone,
All that is earthen, back it goes.
But whence that which we call a soul;

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

That link immortal, ah, who knows?
Whose magic can the shade uproll?

Tho' science delve back deep in Time,
Find footsteps where the Ages tread,
She cannot trace the path sublime
That runs between the quick and dead.
So far it goes and then it ends.
All mem'ry's markings show a grave.
Who's Master of the brew that blends
Our drink? — but one — The one who gave.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Apple Blossom Time

Crickets bold are chanting
 'Neath yon fragrant hedge;
Bullfrogs join the chorus
 Near the millpond's edge.
Lad and lass are dreaming,
 Humming springtime's rhyme;
Bees' wings drone their music —
 Apple blossom time.

Brooklet in the meadow
 Purls its way along,
Onward seaward rippling,
 To its kindred throng.
Life and love are leaping
 Tripping to hope's chime.
Every day adds joy to —
 Apple blossom time.

Bobolink is chirping,
 Robin's hopping by;
Wind-sprites warm are painting
 Blue-green on the rye.
Humid earth sighs rising
 Perfume sage and thyme;
Cheer up! Summer's trailing —
 Apple blossom time.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Why Send Me Flowers?

Why send me flowers when I'm gone;
When tongue is mute and lip is still;
When all that's mortal lies alone
Nor cares, tho' rooms their fragrance fill?

Why deck my grave with wreath today;
Shed tears and stand with mournful mien
O'er weakly clinging dust and clay
That's soon dissolved and no more's seen?

Love me a little while I'm here,
While lips may smile and heart can speak.
For smiles life's choicest flowers rear.
They flourish best on love's high peak.

Far better 'twere if you could feel
When at my head you place a stone,
That we'd known friendship rich and real
And keep on smiling though I'm gone.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Memory

Oh, Memory, fond friend of mine!
Thou boon companion of my soul!
How can I thank thee for the aid
Thou'st gi'en me in my gloomy goal.
What would my world without thee be?
Just one drab blurr of toil and pain.
But you, dear friend, whate'er my mood
Beguile my hours in fancy's train.

Whene'er the storms of life o'ertake,
To rescue me thou art at hand.
And from the castles of the past
Come joyous hosts; bright sunshine's band.
Sometimes they call to childhood's days.
We romp again through meadows green.
A smile sets all my heart aglow
As I live o'er scene after scene.

The playmates of those days are gone
To distant fields where duties call.
Yet each has left an impress fond
To brighten up my dwelling's wall.
So great the magic of thy wand
That when it waves time all but dies.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

There is no distance in thy world
So quick thy wing, Oh Mem'ry, flies.

Light once again love's young days' screen.
When life was one long, pleasant dream.
Hold to that view a moment, friend,
Life flashes there its brightest beam.
Yon rosy cheek and laughing eye;
Who knew that fate wrought them for me?
Sweet face that sweeter grew with years
Till death her patient soul set free.

Show next that scene of homey things,
So real they seem I cannot miss
Companionship that hovers till
I'm sure I feel a shadow kiss.
I hear a childish prattle now;
Now someone clambers to my knee.
I can't but smile they seem so near —
Reach out to clasp them — cannot see.

Thus Memory, sweet friend of mine,
Thou art companion to my soul.
How can I thank thee for the aid
Thou'st gi'en me in my gloomy goal.
What would my world without thee be?
Just one drab blurr of toil and pain.
But you, dear friend, whate'er my mood
Bring witching hours — and fancy's train

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

My Mother's Gold Ring

I've one little trinket more valued than life.
It's kept me from sorrow and helped me through
 strife.

Far dearer than riches is this little thing,
A Heaven-welded circlet, my mother's gold ring.

'Tis nothing that's ornate; a plain little band
With, here and there, scratches where toil wore her
 hand.

Each mark means a heartache; or suffering's sting
Impressed for her children on mother's gold ring.

The pictures it conjures from childhood's bright day
Are love lighted solaces — ever they stay.
Though humble my fortune I still am a king,
With, tear-christened roundlet — my mother's gold
 ring.

Wherever I've wandered that ring, like a prayer,
Has spread its protection, for Mother was there.
No other could charm or such magic could bring
As, much treasured cycloid — my mother's gold ring.

Old age is fast creeping; my step's getting slow;
And up o'er my temples show markings of snow.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

'Mid time and his battles my soul e'er will sing
Of — love bonded bandlet — my mother's gold ring.

Dear sweet face, Oh Mother! How often I miss
Your hand's soothing comfort; your heart cheering
kiss.

Though long since departed fond mem'ries will cling,
'Till death bids me lay aside mother's gold ring.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Commoners

There's a common end for common clay,
And an end for you and me.
Mayhap 'tis here; it may be there;
Or aye, o'er yonder lea.
It matters not if high or low,
When ends the path you plod,
Thy form shall rest, the poor, the best,
Just six feet 'neath the sod.

Man grows in pride as trails divide
A whit, from common lot;
But finds at last his form is cast
In humble little plot.
The fate is mine. It too is thine.
Time swings the fatal rod.
And soon — too soon, on vale or dune
We rest beneath the sod.

Who cares if peasant or if prince
May slumber by his side;
While from the cell, where night will dwell,
Each shallow walls divide?
Ambitions, hopes, and woes and pains,
Beset you as you plod.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

But all forsake you in your home
Short six feet 'neath the sod.

Power to rise within each lies,
Above our common clay;
Where we abide on fortune's tide
Till on some final day,
Earth's clinging arm robs of all charm
Embracing kindred clod.
With one brief sigh we'll mould'ring lie
Just six feet 'neath the sod.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

To a Skull

Ghastly, ghoulish, grinning skull,
Toothless, eyeless, hollow, dull,
Why your smirk and empty smile
As the hours away you while?
Has the earth become such bore
That it pleases nevermore?
Whence your joy through sun and rain?
Is 't because of loss of pain?
Have you learned what men learn not
That earth's substance turns to rot?
After learning now you scan
Vain endeavors man by man?
Do you mind that you as they
Once was held by mystic sway;
Dreamed and struggled, hoped and prayed,
Lolled and with the minutes played?
Sighed for honors; battles planned;
Sipped of cups that wisdom banned
But would please the weak frail flesh;
Suffered, fell, 'rose, struggled fresh?
Now that you are but a skull
Glimpse you life as life is, full
Of beauties that we miss
Till time withers with his kiss?
Do you laugh in cynic vein

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Since you cannot try again?
And you know that we, like you,
Will too late our failings rue?
Tell me, ghouliah, grinning skull
What deep broodings, o'er you mull?
Tell me why you smirk and smile
Ere I pass life's sunset stile.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

On My Way Home

On my way home from irksome toil of day,
 When end the bick'rings in trade's busy mart.
After the carping strife for what's called pay,
 My thoughts turn hungrily to home and heart.
I leave behind me frantic, frenzied, fighting fiends,
 Wild with the hatred greed and hell-born envy
 stir.
Forget the false smile which to me but means
 A conscience blunted with a golden blurr.

I hurry home and leave me far behind
 Their cursings, howlings, shouts and groans,
And in the quiet peace of home I find
 Sweet solace for the mem'ries, echoed moans.
I learn again, and from the lessons take
 The strength that sends me back into the fray;
Not rich is he who most of money makes
 Mere grabbing heaped-up wealth will never pay.

On my way home from earth to better land
 What though my feet be heavy, body torn and
 grimed?
I know I'm on my way to loving band
 Whose arms reach out and ease the way I
 climbed.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

On my way home from wearing toil each day
My spirit soars though slow my feet still plod.
Though earth be full of bitter strife, my way
Leads on through love from men straight unto
God.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

A Southern Love Song

Dogwoods all a-bloom,
Perfume earth's big room,
White full moon is gliding o'er the sky serene.
Quiet reigns about,
In the house and out,
Hoot owl in the hollow mopes with solemn mien.
Birds have gone to rest,
In each tree-top nest,
Cotton fields a-shimmer flash forth silver green.

O'er the wild cane brake,
Whip-poor-wills awake,
And they speak in tender voicings, Heart, of You.
Answering my call,
Through the leafy hall,
Telling how I'm waiting for your tripping, Sue.
All the world is glad,
Just because I'm mad.
Sense bereft am I through my great love for you.

Night is all a-smile,
Happy all the while.
That is why my heart so filled with song o'erflows.
I have tarried long,
Lilting here my song.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

And I'll ever waiting be till life's step slows.
Come to me my girl,
Precious more than pearl,
I'll be waiting for you where the grapevine grows.

How my heart doth yearn,
And with anguish burn,
Hungry for sweet pains awaked with your embrace.
Starward goes my cry.
Echo hears my sigh.
Heaven itself its pity at my plight shows trace.
Parson waits to wed.
Soon the nuptials said.
I've a rose-clad cottage reared for you to grace.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Speculation

I wonder why my heart to you keeps backward
turning.

You whom I vowed to bar from mem'ry's hall.
I wonder why my soul's shrine still shows deep a
yearning

While shadows lengthen from my heart's home
wall.

I wonder why I watch the sunset slowly fading;
Grow more forlorn as night shades lay their dew.
I wonder why the ghosts of yesterdays parading
All beckon till my heart goes back to you?

You crushed the love that I so free, unbidden, offered.
And share with others what I so much crave.
You turned to false friends, spurning what I proffered,

The while they sipped the wine of life you gave.
The years are drifting by but they can never carry
Away my ken of life's most pleasant ways.

We pluck the rose — it dies — yet still will tarry
The perfume while the leaf with windpuff plays.

Those other days!—those days when you were always
tender.

How hard I've tried to blot from mind the pain.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Strive how I will I fail yet cannot quite surrender

Myself to gloom; but wish those days again.

Perhaps it was the hope that sometime you'd remember

A soul that never has been aught but true.

I know that hope is dead — a cooling, ashen ember —

And yet my love keeps turning back to you.

At morn the bees fly straight to honeyed flowers.

The birds seek out their cosy nests at night.

Though Pluto's darkness grip the starless hours,

Aurora binds the sun god's car to night.

A leaking vessel never can stay filled to brimming.

An empty heart will ever long and sigh.

That's why my thoughts like swallows home are skimming

Back to the past. Once born love cannot die.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

The Potter and His Ware

I watched a potter at his work today
Amid his varied shapes of earth and clay.
Some were completed — ready for the mart,
While some showed yet no sign or touch of art.
The potter, old and wrinkle-skinned, by time
While toiling hummed, sharp-voiced this rhyme.

 'Tis not the glaze that makes the jar,
 Nor strands of thread the man.
Life's best and poorest vessels are
 Told by the way they pan.

Then from a heap of fine ground powdered earth
He scooped about a Grecian drachma's worth.
Into a mixing mill the stuff he threw
And added just a drop of liquid blue.
From this he shaped a wondrous brilliant jar
Whose beauty rivalled sky's most lustrous star.

 'Tis not the glaze that makes the jar,
 Nor strands of thread the man.
Life's best and poorest vessels are
 Told by the way they pan.

Thus many bits of odd-tinged ware he shaped
And fashioned as of musty earth he scraped.
I marvelled that each bowl did so much seem

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

To differ from its fellow in its gleam.
And thought how wondrous was the skill that could
Remake of dust such ware, so odd, so good.

'Tis not the glaze that makes the jar,
Nor strands of thread the man.
Life's best and poorest vessels are
Told by the way they pan.

The Master Potter, too, of clay hath made
Earth bowls of every varied hue and shade.
Into them all some of his breath he sent
Then left them in the sun for warp and bent.
Till free of crudeness each is burned and dry
And ready for eternal shelves on high.

'Tis not the glaze that makes the jar,
Nor strands of thread the man.
Life's best and poorest vessels are
Told by the way they pan.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Enteuthen Exelaunei

As dancing dawn had warned me of the sun,
Fast rising from his crimson couch of rest,
His blazing war car, its diurnal run
Began, and set to flames the ocean's crest.
A valley at my feet still bathed in dew,
Began to clear of mists and show a path,
Which wound 'mid fields, and pleasant meadows
through;
(Trail of the Seeker, to Life's Aftermath).
With eager feet I would be on my way,
Yon hill to reach before the call of noon,
When from beneath me cried a voice to say,
"Hold, Comrade, do not leave me thus so soon.
A-while you slept I cradled you; kept watch;
And warmed the narrow berth in which you lay.
So 'grudge me not an hour. No record splotch
Will mark you at the end of this your day.
Here have I lain through shifts of sun and snow,
Unheeded by my kindred passing by.
My whispered plea up with the wind I blow
Yet in their rush but few have heard my cry.
Why all their hurry as they play the Game?
Soon they'll be gained in the rolling years.
I too was once as they — I was the same —
Yet here I lie unfettered by their fears.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

They all forget that lordly kings and queens
Have passed this way with poorly peasant kind.
All start the same; have varying betweens;
But dust is dust when all is done, they find.

We are but bits of clod tossed in a tray,
By Life's Great Gleaner of the starry world.
Some, to the surface, with the motion stray,
Rush and touch elbows as in brack they're whirled.
With friendly clasp of hand they journey on
Forced by the Motion and the Swing of things.
Time and the motion rend them one from one,
With bitter pangs at parting; bitter stings.
Then why the crowding? Why the hates and greeds?
The lust for gold, or fame, or pomp, or power?
Each but through endless torments hastens, speeds;
All doomed to be forsaken in the Hour.

But one day's sun or so and Beauty's lips
Which once upset a monarch and his crown,
Their smiling gone, up to the sun there slips
A rose, perhaps — to bloom and sigh full grown.
Her tresses, once so envied of all maids
Will be but grass of very greenest green.
While through her dainty digits interbraids
The Jasmine's trailing tendrils all unseen.
The winds will whisper songs her tongue did sing
And yet, unheard, by mortals, this her lute.
The swaying trees, the rhythm of her toes will swing
Whose waving leaves will talk yet she'll be mute.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Why all the pride of birth, or name, or race?

The plutocrat is no whit more than I.

What though his clay be laid in marble place?

Time's playful breath will blow it high and dry.

They miss the master why of all this life;

Choose empty bubbles that too soon will burst;

Stir up a lot of endless, useless strife

And struggle on more cursèd than the first.

The Soul it is that makes of man a man.

Not clay, nor tint of mixèd grime and sand.

The soul and clay must both the Outlook scan

If they would serve the purpose for them
planned.

That which has chiefest worth they all forget

Though costing least in toil or dulling pain.

How few have mastered lessons for them set!

Too late they learn, and then would try again.

Love is the great All Holy sacred word

That moves the Universe about, and sends

Its meaning down Life's way almost unheard —

Persistent, pleading strain that never ends.

They chase the rainbow for the pot of gold,

And trample treasures under foot, by far

More precious than mere crumbling dross that's cold;

Much closer to their grasp than Fame, their star.

The world, the soul so little knows; the heart

So little understands. Ingratitude

To wax in men needs but a little start.

Fame plods behind the Reaper. Such her mood.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

'Tis only when you've passed the Way along
That mortals find their path leads through your
street.

Then only do they ken the meaning of your song
And lay belated tribute at your feet.

So, ere you leave the distant hill to mount
Fill full your heart with love and smiling cheer.
Live so that hosts you can your neighbors count
And bring a happy ending to your year.

Hold not the frothy riches of this earth
More valued than the soul and inner things.
Each gift of friendship more than brings its worth
And in the Judgment up the balance swings.

Love Fellowman. That is the big command.
And followed leads straight on to Paradise.

Learn thou to know the Gleaner's chief demand
And on thy journey heed to my advice.

Be off. The world in its impatience waits
To test the mold and weapon in you cast.

Live Now; with eyes on Yonder swinging gates,
Nor cling too close to footprints of the Past.
Drink deep the draught, though bitter sweet, of life.
By drinking deeply only can you view the sky.

Then, when you've breasted Heaven and Hell in strife
Come back, oh Comrade, back to Earth and die.

'Tis in such death that you will live again.

For then it shall be right for you to know,

The Master Gleaner's Purpose ne'er is vain.

So ends my talk. Your part calls to the Show."

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

From Day to Day

Sometimes it's dark; sometimes it's bright.
Sometimes it's wrong—bye'n bye it's right.
Now 'tis a joy day—now full of pain.
Days when the hard luck pours like the rain.

Days full of true love; days full of hate.
Times when there's bitterest wailing at fate.
Days when there's hunger—days when there's food.
Sometimes there ne'er seems anything good.

Some days the wind's warm; some days it's cold.
Some days I'm struggling eager and bold.
Sometimes for bruises there seems no balm,
Times when my soul craves comfort and calm.

Sometimes the heart's hills seem hard to climb.
Life's lane's so thorny lames every limb.
Pathways are so rough feet can't but drag.
All that we gather—crumbs and a rag.

Hours full of longing, soul full of dreams.
Sometimes no light on life's strandway gleams.
Sometimes a heartache, sometimes a sigh;
Seems like the world's gone out of the sky.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Come days of gladness or days of woe
Each soul from God thro' Gehenna must go.
We live all our days out as willed by fate.
'Tis thus we pass thro' our imperfect state.

Let's take the bitterness, also the sweet;
From no misfortune ever retreat
Unto each day's task all might address.
Come good or ill days all come to bless.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

A Dream

I looked into the diamond studded dome of night
And glimpsed a fleeting shadow form—a blurr.
The vision vanished just as quickly from my sight
Adown the paths on which God's universes whirr.
My puny man-length arms reached out but could not
 clasp
The phantom which my soul cried out to gain.
I groped amid the gleams and bravely sought to
 grasp
That hazy misty form but only felt a pain.

Again I tried and failed then heart grew sad and sore.
Strive how I would 'twas ever where I could not reach.
The tears that failure brings in bitterness did pour
Nor could they heal the wound deep disappointment's
 breach.
Then cross the sky there flickered just a shaft of light
That gave my soul a hope—Oh, blessed beam.
Straight 'midst the stars it went and pierced the night.
It showed my phantom's hopes were but an empty
 dream.

I turned to earth, soul chastened yet not cured
Of longing unfulfilled and wish that would not die.
I saw about me kindred broken shapes allured

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Whose souls could not but echo heart born cry.
In min'st'ring unto them my soul pain dropped be-
hind
And in its stead there showed the dawning's gleam.
I found life's solace not where longing sought to
find—
In loving others brightness came—I found my dream.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Life's Way

A little joy without alloy—
Some hope — some disappointment.
A futile wail at some annoy,
A dip in life's anointment.
One effort made to swing the blade
And reap from earth's brief planting;
A groan of pain o'er little gain
Then night—our hopes recanting.

A little haste 'midst heaps of waste;
One hour's harsh drill receiving.
A stifled cry and then a sigh
While friends behind are grieving,
A little love—some right—some wrong
Each of himself is giving.
Some tears—some smiles—from weak and strong,
All summed up—that is living.

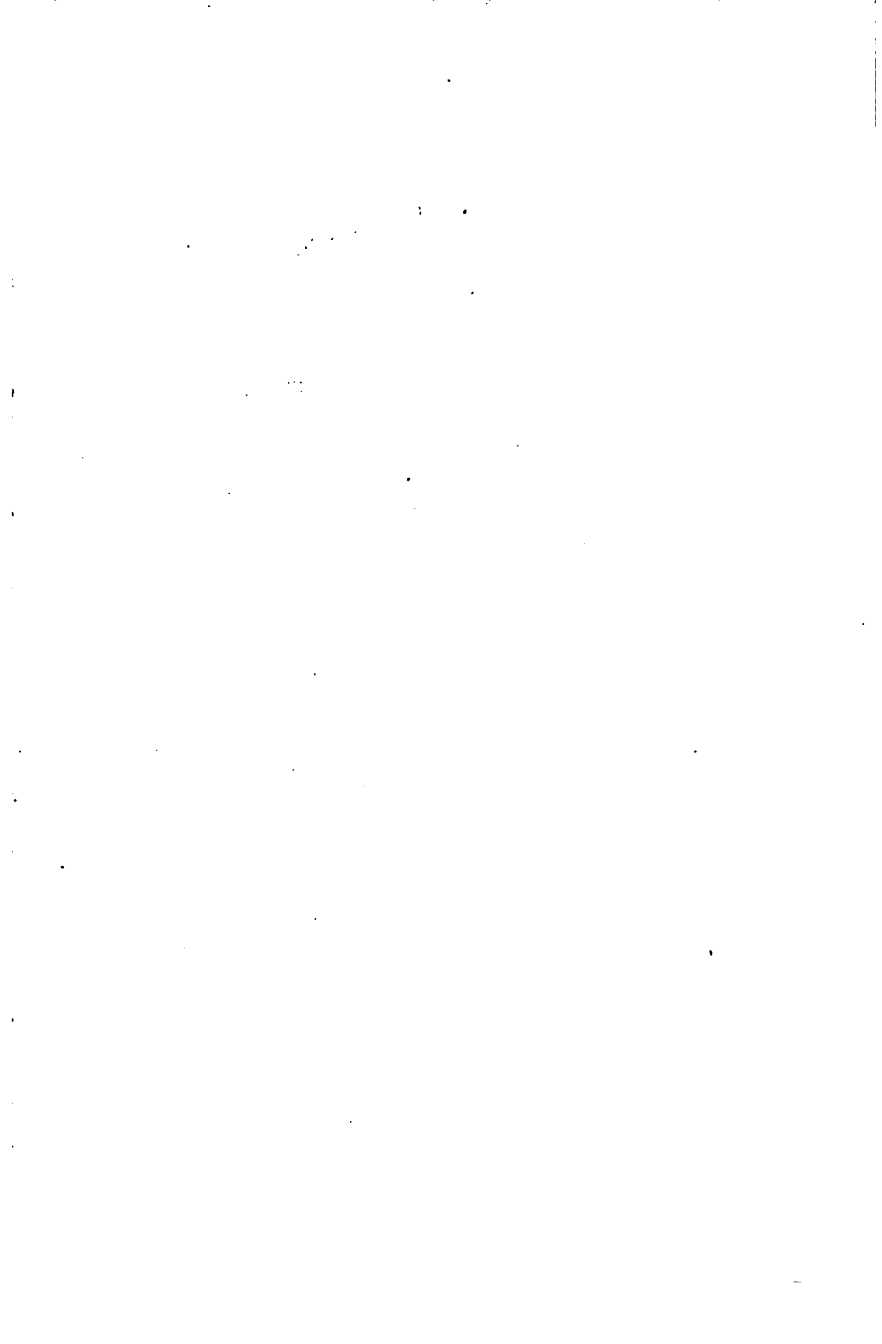
THE HEART OF THE WORLD

Housecleaning

I cleaned my house one day last spring,
Of dust and dirt collected in the year;
Then in yard corner did the rubbish fling,
Forgotten till foul odors of decay did rear
And smite my nostrils with their breath.

A few days on I sought with rake to move
The stenchpile lest disease it spread.
When lo! upon the heap, from topmost groove,
A tall white-blooming lily raised its head.—
Distasteful once what now was sweet.

Out from our house we cast the wrecks
Of life, distorted toys of fate.
We cannot see that beauty decks
The soul which still's untouched by hate,
And perfumes at the call of love.



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